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Judge

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A RECORD-BREAKER.

UNCLE SAM—"Gee whiz! Look at the size of that McKinley turkey. I never expected such a BIG Thanksgiving as this!"

[NOTE.—William McKinley was elected president of the United States by the largest majority ever given a presidential candidate.]

Judge

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WHOM THE GODS would destroy they first make populists.

* * *

THE BEST FUSION is that of the masses with the classes.

* * *

CALL A MAN a Turk or a Spaniard and he will hate himself if he doesn't kill you.

* * *

AFTER THIS no new college will be happy unless it starts off with a sesqui-centennial.

* * *

GENERALLY, when a parent cuts off his child with a shilling, he is so contemptible and poor that he has to borrow the shilling.

* * *

MR. HILL releases his speech to eat his dinner of thanks, and inquires with much spirit and surprise, "Who put that padlock on my conversation?"

* * *

IF IT IS advisable to put skirts on lamp-chimneys and call them shades, why not put a few shirts on the stoves and registers and call for the fire-department?

* * *

WHEN AN ACTRESS has had six husbands, that is a sign that she is looking for another and the man and the hour are about, with her assistance, to embrace.

* * *

THE IDEA PREVAILS on the part of innumerable humorous colored supplements that slang is wit and humor is idiocy in behalf of fools and children. Oh, no; that is not so.

* * *

A LADY LAWYER insisted on arguing her case after the judge had decided in her favor. "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity," saith the preacher. "The more the talk the less the substance."

* * *

UNDOUBTEDLY Mr. Cleveland gave thanks that his late Thanksgiving proclamation was his last; but we do assure him that his party would be as glad about it as he is if there were any party of that kind.

* * *

RUSSIA has but one doctor in six thousand inhabitants, and her death-rate is higher than that of any other European country. The two statements are conflicting enough to be a paradox, but we can't help it.

* * *

DON DICKINSON, charged with being a kid-gloved aristocrat, replied with the statement that he once worked on a tug for a dollar a day. Still, we suppose the person who makes the rebuke is right, his argument necessarily being that, having been born poor, Mr. Dickinson had no moral right to get rich and keep his hands warm.

MOTHERLY SOLICITUDE.
PAT—"Norah, there's a boycott on th' railroad."
NORAH (*frantically*)—"Hivins! our poor Jamesey!"

THE FLOWER OF SAFETY.

THIS COUNTRY has had two presidents assassinated and has undergone one civil war. Let us give thanks that it was wise enough to save itself from as great misfortune on the third of this November; and that, having discovered the enemies within its borders and got their dimensions, it will look out for them on all future electoral occasions.

NOT A PERSONAL MATTER.

THE PREMIER of Spain says, off-hand and easy, quietly flipping the ashes from his cigar, "The country is prepared to make all required sacrifices of men and money." Possibly he includes his money and his life, but there is a strong probability that he won't let either of them get away from him. There is a vast and pleasing difference between dying one's self and having it done by substitute.

THE RIGHT TO PREACH.

IF THE CLERGY are to attack sin—and it is a popular idea that that is what they are here for—they cannot avoid attacks on that kind of politics which is obviously opposed to patriotism and honesty and all good living. Generally the lines are drawn so faintly that there are two good sides to every issue; and in those cases they had better pray without specifications and sing so small that they won't wake anybody up. But there are exceptions; and, after all, clergymen are citizens, not slaves.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

IT IS A SIGNIFICANT FACT that John P. Altgeld looks very much like the late Charles Guiteau both as to his face and the formation of his head. Doubtless Mr. Altgeld is an abler and a better man than was his political predecessor; but his purposes are the same, though his methods are slower and have some regard for the law and his own safety. Let him have his way and give him power in a great strike or a great agitation of any kind and we shall have hard work to escape a revolution.

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

MR. BRYAN commanded much respect for his vitality and his ability in behalf of a bad cause. We know of no man who could have said so much for revolution and said it so well. He surprised his enemies and gratified his friends. He has magnetism, united to a fine face and a heroic figure. He will have not a thoroughly bad place in history because he is courageous and lovable. But only a weak man could argue for absolute absurdities in finance and government; and if we give him credit for honesty it must be done to the utter sacrifice of his ability as a statesman or a man of business. Of course, if he is dishonest he is a fakir, or a demagogue; and we all hate to say that because he seems to be a good fellow.

THANKS FOR THE FLAG.

THIS YEAR at this time some millions of people are giving thanks for the flag. It seemed to be in danger a few days ago, for the experiment of self-government which it typifies was seriously threatened; and every heart east and north went out to it and blessed it. Doubtless that was the case to a smaller extent in the misguided sections; but there were times and places which witnessed insult to it, and in a few of them it was dragged through mud and trodden upon by cattle temporarily disguised as men. These periods of danger are not ended. They transpire as surprisingly as when the Democratic wigwam was stolen by fanatics at Chicago, and when it became known that the south would fight for slavery. But with every danger there is a new and a warmer love for the flag. It gives color to all the air. It thrills the common sense of the nation. It means life and safety. It will live against the envy and enmity of other nations and the foolishness of those among us who ignorantly and in the name of patriotism seek its destruction. Let us cover the whole ground of thanksgiving by giving thanks for the flag.

COUNTRY-STORE PROPRIETOR—"Say, Elder Johnson; would you jest ez leaves tuck yer feet under th' stove fer a spell? Thar's sevrul o' my customers wanter warm their hands."

ALWAYS THE SAME.

AN OLD farmer in western New York state has been going to the same village post-office and general store for twenty years. With him is his son Joseph, and together they go through the same scene every week.

The old man talks over the town news, while the son buys the provisions. When this is over the farmer seats himself in the old buck-board and his son proceeds to untie the horses. Then the old man will suddenly exclaim,

"Joseph, hev you got them papers?"
"No, dad."
"Wa-al, I hev."

THE BIG TURKEY.

HE EYES the farmer's sharpened knife,
Well knowing where he's at.
The only thing to save his life
He sees is anti-fat.

A FAIR QUESTION.

Hojack—"That man who just passed is honest Jim Poundexter."

Tomdik—"How much did he steal?"

REBUKED.

BEGGAR (*piteously*)—"Ah, sir; I am very, very hungry."

DYSPEPTIC (*savagely*)—"Then have the decency to keep your good fortune to yourself. I haven't had an appetite for years."

HIS FELICITY.

A SMALL village in Pennsylvania boasts of a green-grocer who rivals Mrs. Partington in his love of long words. The identity of a city cousin who visits the Browns puzzled him somewhat, so he asked Miss Brown if it was her cousin from New York who was in his store the day previous. On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Well, when she bowed to me I returned her salution, although I didn't reorganize her continuance."

SCRAMBLE LEGS.

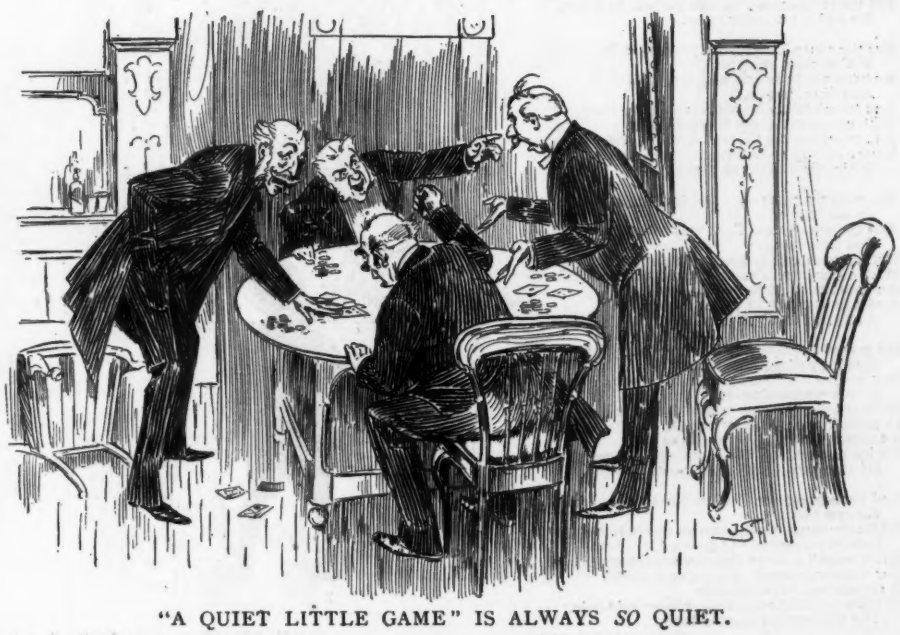
BEYOND HER POWER.

A WOMAN can easily make up her face,
And also her figure, you'll find;
But there's one thing she cannot accomplish at all,
And that is to make up her mind.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

Reverend Goodly—"Now, brethren, the scripture says, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will be returned to thee.'"

Voice (in audience)—"Kinder like putting it in soak—same as your overcoat."



"A QUIET LITTLE GAME" IS ALWAYS *SO* QUIET.

Photo. by Falk.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

BERTHA WALTZINGER AS "JESSO," IN "THE MANDARIN."

You allee same singee like pletty Chinee,
Make muchee sweet music, whatever it be.
Me go velly often see "Mandarin" show,
See muchee nice gals, me best likee *Jesso.*
No savee? if you be in China a wife,
Sure Chinaman husband make stay allee life.

A SAD PROSPECT.

Madge—"They say he proposed to her while out boating, and the poor fellow had to row her back four miles after she had declined him."

Marjorie—"That's facing the enemy with a vengeance."

A TURKISH LEGEND.

THERE once was a Turk of high degree,
Away up in G!
And a score or more of wives had he,
Quite a harem, you see.
Like the veriest cock of the barn-yard walk
He made his family toe the chalk,
And the little Turks didn't dare utter a squawk
When their old progenitor wanted to talk,
Such a pompous old duffer was he.

This Turk had a brother, as some Turks do,
(Alas, how true!)
That he wasn't proud of. He didn't do
As he ought to do.
He made bad rhymes that the young Turks sung,
And he stayed out nights and careened and swung
In the tree-tops tall, where he recklessly clung
Till his brother said he was born to be hung,
He and his rascally crew.

But the other Turk had a proper pride,
Which can't be denied,
And the swath he cut was long and wide,
And high, beside;
And he made his boasts of a coming feast,
With cranberry-sauce to give it zest
And pumpkin-pie till you couldn't rest,
Where he was to be the principal guest
While his brother moped outside.

The autumn came with its blighting chill,
As autumn will,
And the scapegrace Turk was a scapegrace still,
Too poor to kill;
But his pompous brother was sleek and fat,
With an alderman's paunch and a cardinal's hat,
An appetite quite to be wondered at
And a little touch of gout, at that—
As a gourmand he filled the bill.

He graced the board of the house of Jones
And they picked his bones!
Nor heeded his twenty widows' groans
Or his orphans' moans.
With cranberry-sauce to give him zest
In pumpkin-pie he sank to rest,
Admired by all and beloved the best
Thrice honored he, the Thanksgiving guest
Of the plebeian tribe of Jones.

And the scapegrace Turk in the tree-top high,
He saw him die,
While the wind made his own quills rattle and fly.
How it screeched! Oh, my!
But it wasn't a dirge that the wind-harp played,
Nor a funeral-march, but a gay roulade,
A regular wild fanfaronade
In praise of that rollicking, roistering blade,
The turkey that roosted high.

MYLES TYLER FRISBIE.

THE SOP TO CERBERUS.

DOG of full fifty mouths, have you not grown
In all the years since Orpheus twanged his lyre
Of dulcet strings and strains t' appease your ire,
A set of teeth that's equal to a bone?
On festal days has Pluto never thrown
A luscious chop to you, at his own fire
Done to the proper turn, in way of hire?
Or does your master live by bread alone?

Let me be trebly sworn; *I* have been flung
To you too often by the awful horde
Of scribbling hacks. I cannot stand the laughter
Of these daft mortals, though your ev'ry tongue
Joined in one howl of hunger. For your board
You may go to the devil, Cer, hereafter.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

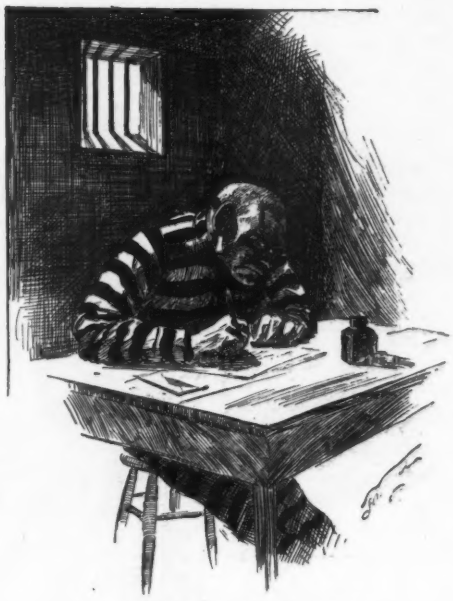
A LAND O'ERFLOWING, ETC.

Visitor—"Do your cows give a great deal of milk?"

Farmer—"Do they? Say! It's a fact, stranger, we get so much milk that we dilute the well-water with it."

TEMPORARY FITTING.

BOUTTOWN—"That right optic you wear don't exactly seem to sparkle like a diamond this morning?"
DASHER—"No! I got a paste in it last night."



A LETTER FROM JOHN.

DEAR MOTHER:
With regard to my position, it is somewhat confining, but then all my expenses are paid and I have a good steady job, sure to last ten years.
Your son
JOHN.

A YOUNG WIFE'S TRIUMPH.

"DID you make the biscuits we had for supper last evening, my dear?"

"I did, love."

"They were excellent; they gave me a nightmare such as I haven't had since I ate those my mother used to make."

ONE AUTHOR'S SCHEME.

Hojack—"Have you heard Trenchant Penn's plan for getting that weird spelling he uses in his dialect stories?"

Tomdik—"No; what is it?"

Hojack—"He dictates his stories to his nine-year-old daughter, who ticks them off on the typewriter."

THE SIMPLE "CHINKS" AND THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

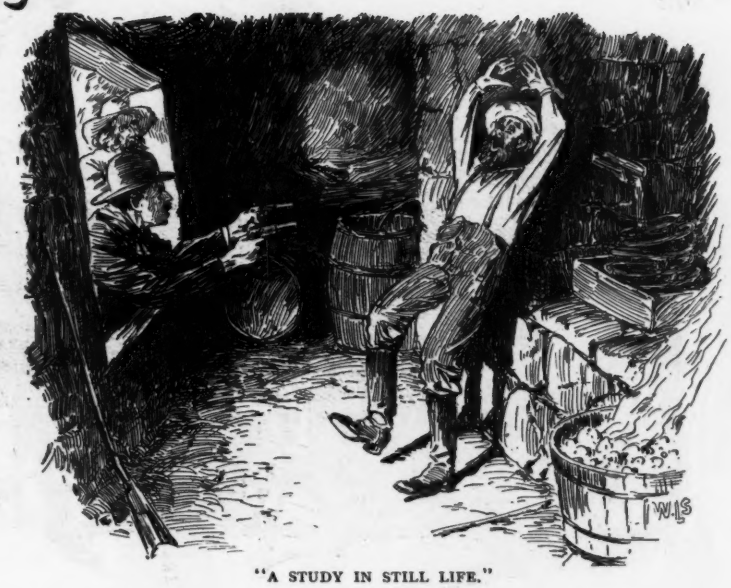
WHEN THE GLOOM BEGINS TO GO.

YOU may be full of sorrow and on speaking terms with care;
You may be well acquainted with the demon of despair;
But, brother of misfortune, shake the troubles from your mind.
Keep up your fighting courage; never turn to look behind.

Though the present and the future may be anything but bright
It's best to tell the people that you're getting on all right.
So you had better say it; 'tis a manly lie to tell,
And folks will be persuaded that you're doing very well.

In the midst of toil and trouble it is hard to wear a grin,
But you're none the less a hero if you elevate your chin.
Then face the doubtful glances of the people whom you know;
They soon will learn to trust you when your gloom begins to go.

WILL M. CLEMENS.



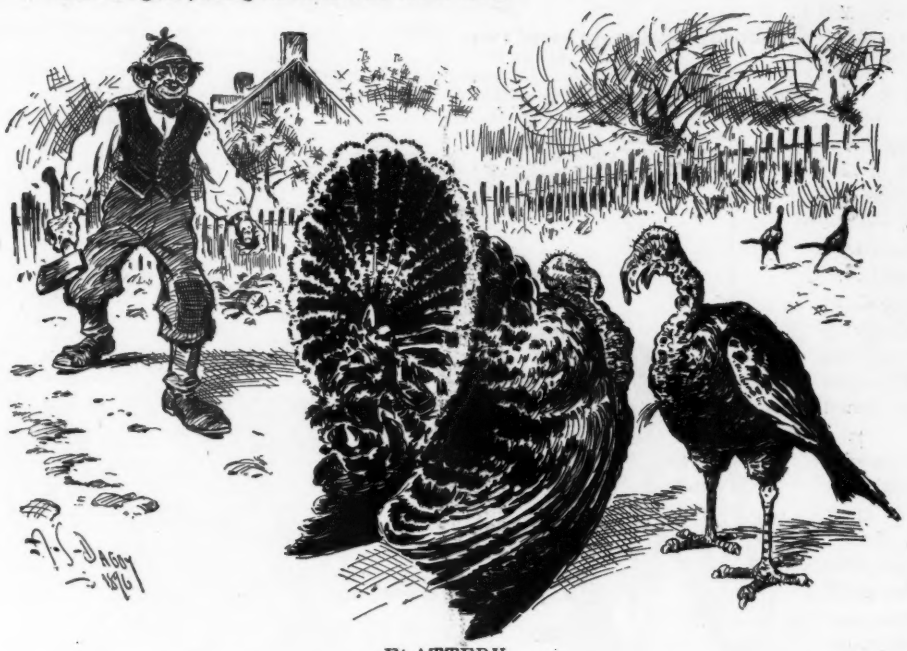
"A STUDY IN STILL LIFE."

APPRECIATIVE OF THE POINT.

"GEORGE," asked May of her brother, "are those your tooth-pick shoes on the back porch?"

"Yes; why?"

"There's a goat picking his teeth with one of them."



FLATTERY.

Once upon a time a plump turkey observed an old farmer approaching with an axe. Instinctively he turned to his scrawny mate and observed, "My! but you look sweet to-day—sweet enough to eat." This compliment had the desired effect of causing the flattered one to swell up with such pride as to immediately be seized by the ruthless farmer for execution.

Moral—We have no records on file wherein a discreet flatterer ever got it in the neck.

HER STARTLING THOUGHT.

AS A big flock of blackbirds flew overhead Margie started violently; then she smiled a funny little smile.

"I sought ze ty had bwoked down," she explained.

HOW ODD!

Mrs. Simpkins—"Are you fond of music, Mr. Verdi?"

Mr. Verdi (stammering)—"No—yes—that is—I mean—at times."

Mrs. Simpkins—"Indeed, Mr. Verdi? Do you mean that some people can move your musical emotions and not others?"

Mr. Verdi—"Ah, yes, Mrs. Simpkins; that is it—exactly."

Mrs. Simpkins—"You are doubtless touched only with the finest performers, Mr. Verdi. You find yourself enchanted with the playing of a Paderewski or swayed by the divine melody of a Patti."

Mr. Verdi (rising to the occasion)—"No, Mrs. Simpkins. My musical soul is strange and unique in this—I am roused to emotion only when I am the performer myself. No friend, no acquaintance, ever shares my joy I exult alone."

Mrs. Simpkins (overpowered)—"How very strange!"

A "BITTER" MIRAGE.

STRANGER (*on train*)—'Excuse me, sir; but do you mind joining me in a little——

——game of euchre?"

THE PREMIER'S SMILE.

CLARENCE—"Ah, Mademoiselle Shakalegge smiled upon me most divinely to-night, you know."
JACK BOWTTOWN—"Quite likely. She has children of her own."

THE WIDOW O'TROUT.

OI'D t' go t' Ellis's oisland, come Chewsda' 'll be a wake, a-chasin' av a granehorn as had come over from th' nixt county t' mesilf; t'rough her payple not knowin' but she cud shtep aff th' boat inty th' shtrates av New Yark city, wid not a cint in her pocket an' her box follyin' hersilf on a whale-barry, same as she'd walked inty Londonderry from Bownton Bay.

'Tis an ill wind thot blows nobody any gud at all, at all; an' Misther Raines's bill havin' incrased me thrade so av a Sunda' thot Oi've been foorced t' take on one young man wid one leg t' attind t' th' cigars whoile mesilf an' Cornaylia dales out th' oice-crame an' sody-wather, an' two shmall boys thot is worse than none at all sells papers.

Wid Cornaylia away t' her work durin' th' wake (an' give it up she will not) 'tis hard for me t' lave an' go huntin' other folks's chilther, as niver Oi had t' hunt me own—barrin' oncet in a whoile whin her feyther wud sind her for his tibaccy, an' mesilf bein' druv crazy wid his ristlissniss wud foind her half an hour afther, playin' moomlety-pig wid th' b'ys av th' alley, an' dhrag her scramin' home.

Oi'd th' divil's own toime t' git me pass for th' oisland—shure 'tis asier t' rache Blackwell's through shtalin'—an' at th' Batthery they towld me th' ship had bushted her biler two days an' one noight out.

"Shure 'tis t' th' bottom av th' say they are thin," says Oi, sittin' down in great consthernation on nothin' at all.

"Yer wrong there, owld lady!" says a dacint young gintleman, assistin' me t' me fate an' passin' me along t' another man, who sint me back t' another one, an' th' lasht man Oi rached was a Dutchman, an' ivery word he said was shorter than th' other.

Foinally Oi'd me permit an' was aboord th' ferry-boat; an' whin we arroived at th' oisland Oi'd t' go t'rough four or foive more min, till Oi found me collyane bedrinched wid tears.

'Twas a lucky day for her that the boat was late an' Daylia Corrigan's letther mintionin' her comin' on toime, which same she brought over for me Cornaylia t' rade—bein' eddicated loike mesilf in a hedge-school an' her oye-soight not good, though not aisy t' fool on figgers.

The ship was not one hour in, an' she'd been lift be th' other girls, who'd promised to come back an' fetch her; an' th' poor crayther was moightily plazed t' come wid me; an' here she stays till she gits some av th' bog aff her fate.

MADELINE ORVIS.

INSEPARABLE.

SAINT PETER—"Come in if you want to."
CYCLIST—"Can I bring my wheel with me?"

MORAL—READ "JUDGE."

MR. CASSIDY—"Oi don't know phwat Oi'm goin' t' do, Norah. Oi can't get no wurk ut all, ut all."
MRS. CASSIDY—"Thin ye musht driss oop loike a thramp. Ivirybody is ferivir offerin' thim hoboes wurk. Oi rid thot in JOODGE."

DREADFUL.

THERE was a long line of men at the ticket-seller's window. He was cross, but she was not.

"Just look at that hero," said she.

"Where?" said he gruffly. "I don't see any."

"There," said she, pointing to the long line of men. "If that isn't a he-row I never saw one."

THANKSGIVING.

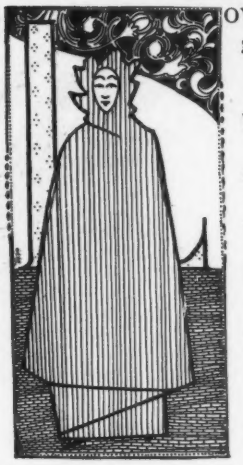
THIS festive season makes it clear
There's sense in Nature's ways:
We have this holiday to cheer
These melancholy days.

HE WAS A VACANCY.

Caller—"Is there a vacancy on the staff of this paper?"

Able editor—"Yes; the chap who presides over our society department."

DECISIONS OF THE JUDGE.



LOVE means not only infinite giving, but infinite forgiving.

Profanity is the free silver of speech.

The average man would rather lend his toothbrush than his wheel.

Nothing sickens a man of his pet theory like seeing it in operation.

A secret told to a woman is syndicated; told to a man it is a "scoop."

Marrying into a family does not carry with it the right to criticise its members.

The most pathetic thing in the matrimonial compact is the regularity with which husbands relate the irregularities of their friends. MYRTLE REED.

YELLOW.

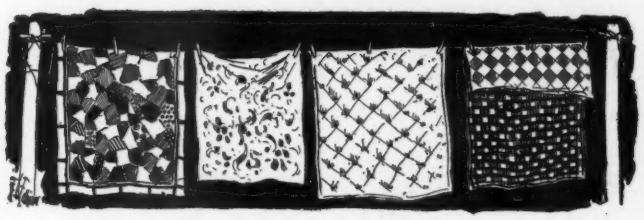
"GOODNESS!" exclaimed Margie compassionately, "how bilious ze twees look!"

NOVEMBER WOODS.

PALE gold against the branches bare
The wintry sunlight shines,
And from the north the flying clouds
Are dark above the pines.
A silver frost is on the fields,
The winds are loud and chill;
But in the shadow of the wood
Is many a treasure still.

Like tatters from a beggar's cloak,
In drift and pyramid
Lie strewn the leaves, but underneath
The glossy nuts are hid.
And all along the broken fence,
Between the mossy rails
And from the dusky cedar-tree,
The scarlet ivy trails.

Wild grapes from twisted tendrils brown
Like purple jewels swing;
And see! beside the lichened rock
That guards a crystal spring
A single spray of golden-rod
Flames out against the gloom
With all the glory of the year
Upon its yellow plume. MINNA IRVING.



"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME."

THE VALUE OF PRUNES.

"I READ a very curious statement about prunes the other day," remarked Mrs Small as she served her boarders with dessert.

The boarders looked up in surprise, for the prunes were usually handed around in solemn silence.

"It comes from a Chicago physician," Mrs. Small went on, wisely interpreting the look of surprise as an expression of anxiety for information about prunes. "This physician has been officiating at a juvenile reformatory, and he discovered that a prune diet had a highly gratifying moral effect. There is a principle in the juice of the prune which acts upon the tendency to disobedience and reduces the most intractable boys to models of politeness and docility. Isn't that very remarkable?"

"I think," replied the star boarder, "that the question of its remarkability depends on the method of the use of the prunes."

FORCE OF HABIT.

MRS. SHARPLEY—"You drunken brute! this is a pretty time to bring that Thanksgiving turkey home. What in the world are you doing here?"

MR. SHARPLEY (*with recollections of sleepless nights*)—"'Sh, M'ria! Baby almos' shleep. Don' waken 'im."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Small.

"Well, if the boys were made obedient by using prunes as a diet the thing is very extraordinary; but if they were cowed into docility by the threat that if they were bad they would be fed on prunes as a punishment there is nothing strange about it."

Mrs. Small did not seem happy over this explanation, and six saucers of stewed prunes were untouched at that meal. WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

From the London (England) Trumpet.

THERE are three great political parties in New York and Missouri—the pennyanties, the bicarbonates and the Sheehans. The president is elected at Washington. He can never become a queen, no matter how hard he may try. If he ill-treats his subjects he is sent to Boston common for life.

THANKSGIVING?

WHAT are we thankful for? That is a question
That sometimes puzzles e'en a dinner-guest.
The rich are thankful for a good digestion,
The poor if they have something to digest.

1.

2.

3. ARTIST—"By Jove! most realistic thing I ever did."

REALISTIC ART.

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THE REPUBLICAN THANK

McKINLEY—"De breed am large and

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

m large and de flavor am delicious."

THE SEASON OPENS.

A HORRIFIED look of remorse overshadowed the face of the dying man, and when the nurse came to his bedside he whispered, "Bring in my ghostly adviser."

The quiet man in black stole into the room and seated himself by the bedside. Impatiently the dying man motioned all the bystanders from the room and listened until their footsteps died out along the corridor. Then he said faintly,

"I have been a terrible liar. I have lied in court and camp and grove. Unsolicited and without reward I have lied. I have lied to my best friends and bosom companion. Perhaps there will be hope for me if I unburthen my soul. Listen! in all my life I never caught a trout that weighed a pound, or lost one that weighed eight ounces."

A cold dew broke out on the brow of the ministering brother as he stole to the chamber-door and listened, then hung his hat over the key-hole, and coming back whispered in the ear of the dying man,

"Go in peace, my son. I also belong to the Adirondack fishing-club, and if fish-lies count heaven will be like a back street on circus-day. Vade mecum adios esperanza dirigo," and a happy smile was mingled on the lips of the penitent with a gurgle of satisfaction as the relieved soul took its flight.

A. T. WORDEN.

A BONE TO BE DESIRED.

EDITH contemplated the anatomy of the turkey at the Thanksgiving feast and asked suddenly, "Mamma, do people have wish-bones?"

"No, dear."

"Well, do turkeys have everything they wish for?"

DATED AHEAD.

Mr. Isaacstein — "Say, Rindskopf, I understand your store was burned out last Thursday?"

Mr. Rindskopf — "No, sir; next Tuesday."

SERIOUS BUSINESS.

CAROLINE had been accustomed to hearing her grandfather say grace, but on a visit to her aunt's this daily function was neglected and the small girl commented on it. "You may ask the blessing, Caroline," said her mother. So the child bowed her head and mumbled a few words. Glancing up she detected a subdued smile on the faces of those gathered at the table. Indignant, she exclaimed, "You mustn't laugh when I'm a-Godding!"

THEATRICAL CASUALTY.

A "theatre-fire" started in the pit of Bungtown hall last evening, but after some "rushing work" on the part of the star it soon subsided.

AN INEXCUSABLE MUFF.

UNCLE SILAS (*apropos of his inclement-weather purchase*) — "What a tarnal eedyit I wuz ter buy these ear-lappers withaout tryin' 'em on fer a fit fust."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

AT TEN.

IN SPITE of what the people said
Of pilgrim fathers gray,
I knew the mothers of the state
Had made Thanksgiving day.
For who could roast the turkeys brown,
Who make the pumpkin-pies?
Did fathers ever make the cake,
Or watch the pudding rise?

IN WAR-TIME.

Thanksgiving day came twice one year
Within the cottage door;
'Twas when from Gettysburg I came,
An empty sleeve I wore.
My mother clasped her crippled boy,
"Thank God for life," she said.
"How could I bear it if my son
Slept with the nameless dead?"

IN 1896.

When all life's weary way is done
Thanksgiving day will be
That one when down the twilight path
My mother's face I see.
There only tearless kisses fall,
No care or pain may come;
Please God, the old-time sweet caress
Shall be my welcome home.

MRS. N. A. M. ROE.

THE KID.

HIS happiness is now increased,
Thanksgiving being nigh;
Now he will have a turkey feast,
Topped off with pumpkin-pie.

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

Lady (admiring gifts at wedding)—"Ah! these are the souvenir spoons."

Maid (indignantly) — "No, indeed, mum! They're solid silver."

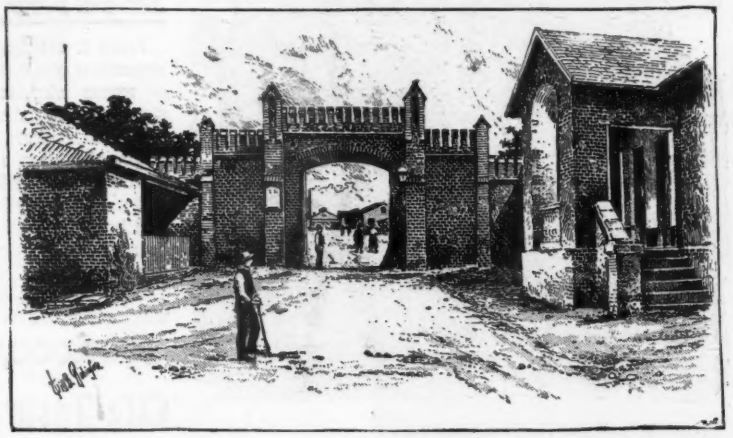
A SOCIAL SUBTERFUGE.

MR. SLYWINK—"Excuse me, my dear; I believe I will have time before the second act to secure some opera-glasses."

Slywink securing some opera-glasses.

THE WORLD'S SOUP-KITCHEN.

IT IS now over thirty years since the great chemist, Baron Justus von Liebig, Professor of Chemistry at Munich, invented Extract of Meat. He authorized the Liebig Company to use, with the formula, his name, his

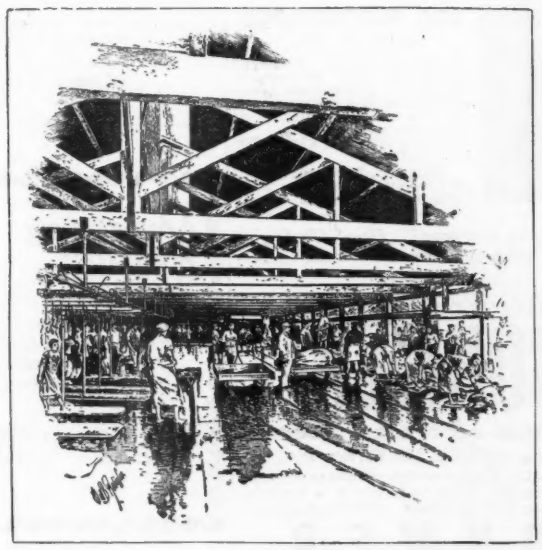


THE ENTRANCE TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY'S WORKS AT FRAY BENTOS.

indorsement and his signature (privileges accorded to no one else, although many have traded upon them), on condition that he or his representatives constantly analyzed the extract to see that its quality was maintained. Since his death this scrutiny has not been relaxed, and the Liebig Company still have the services and analyses of his representatives—two or three of the best English and Continental chemists.

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef is, therefore, the only sort authorized by Baron Justus von Liebig, and the Liebig Company have facilities for the manufacture of this product which are not approached by any competitor.

The Liebig Company are the largest industrial concern in South America, and their great works on the River Uruguay (of whose magnitude the illustrations give some slight idea) are devoted primarily to the manufacture of Extract of Beef, for which only the best parts of the selected cattle, raised on the great grazing-fields of Uruguay, are used. The other parts of the animal are profitably used for other products, and the Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef can, therefore, be depended upon for quality when other sorts bought in the open market, or made in establish-



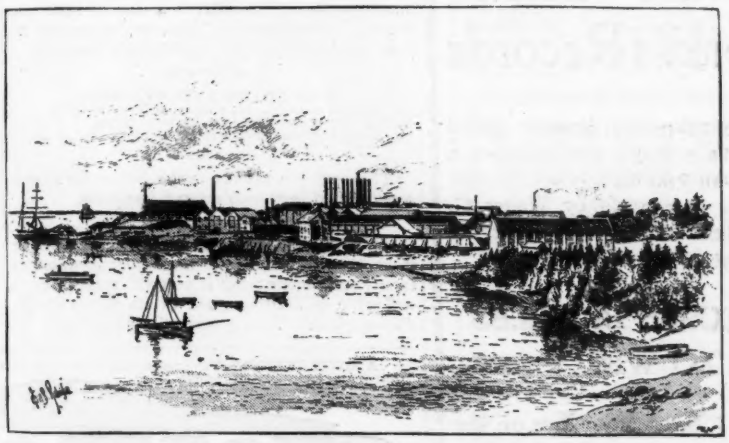
A BUSY SPOT.

ments where Extract of Beef is simply a by-product, and from inferior parts not useful for other purposes, must always be regarded with suspicion.

The chief use of Extract of Beef among civilized nations (Liebig COMPANY'S is on sale all over the world), and its best use, is in the kitchen, for enriching and flavoring soups, sauces and made dishes. It has long been regarded as indispensable by European cooks, and its use in the home kitchens of the United States has been steadily growing. The Liebig Company have done much in the way of improving the cuisine of this country by advocating the use of Extract of Meat and instructing housewives in its use by the useful cook-books which the Company publish and give away.

Its use as beef-tea has been general ever since its discovery, and Liebig COMPANY'S is still unapproached for that purpose, owing to its purity, its freedom from foreign substances, its keeping qualities, and its stimulating effects.

Physicians can advise its use with confidence in cases of weakness and digestive disorders. It can often be retained when all other liquids are rejected. Liebig never intended it to be used *alone* as a food (he believed that all efforts to produce a fluid quintessential food would fail), but, with a little bread or some vegetables, it is a most valuable form of nourishment. In the Franco-German war every soldier in the successful army was supplied with Liebig COMPANY'S Extract, and Baron Liebig demonstrated that with one pound of it and some bread and vegetables good



VIEW OF THE LIEBIG COMPANY'S WORKS FROM THE RIVER.

broth can be made for 128 men. Since Liebig's death, however, progress in analytical processes and new discoveries as to laws of nutrition have proven that Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef, besides having a stimulating effect, also contains nutritive elements in large quantities.

In order that the American public should be able to distinguish readily the genuine Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef from the many imitations now upon the market, the signature of Baron Liebig is printed in blue across the label of every jar of the genuine. That is a guarantee of quality. If you insist on having the Liebig COMPANY'S and no other you will be satisfied with a pure extract of beef, free from all foreign substances and delicate in flavor, which keeps perfectly everywhere and "goes a long way."

SIGNATURE OF THE GREAT CHEMIST, JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

If we told you that your baby was starving, that it actually didn't get enough to eat, you might resent it. And yet there are thousands of babies who never get the fat they should in their food or who are not able to digest the fat that they do get. Fat is a necessity to your baby. It is baby life and baby beauty. A few drops of Scott's Emulsion for all little ones one, two and three years of age is better than cream for them. They thrive and grow on it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Nell—"Miss Bjones uses French phrases in the most peculiar manner." *Bell*—"Does she?" *Nell*—"Yes, indeed! Why, at breakfast yesterday I asked her how she liked her eggs, and she said they were very chic."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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World's Records

The 10-mile Amateur paced World's record was made on a **Crimson Rim Bicycle** in 22 minutes, 13 seconds by Walter G. Douglass, of the University of Pennsylvania, on October 21st.

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"Oh, how shall I help to right the world that is going wrong?"

If Mr. Gilder will just grab hold of the earth and turn it over and set it going the way he wants it all may yet be well.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is the wine for Americans. Its purity and bouquet commend it to them.

When a man gets so mad he can't swear—but there, there! he doesn't.—Goose-pimples are coyly sticking their heads above the surface.—Our horse is a very speedy animal. He can come to a standstill with a rapidity that is simply terrific.—Reciprocity is what a man feels when some one calls him names.—*West Union Gazette.*

"I can highly recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for croup. I have used it for several years, and find it the best remedy ever tried. Mrs. Hannah Morrison, Burlington, West Virginia."

Mrs. Daniels—"How do you manage to keep your husband home at night? I never can get mine to stay in." *Mrs. Davis*—"I always have onions for supper, and my husband is never able to refrain from eating them when they are on the table."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Angostura Bitters is a world-renowned standard article. Beware of imitations. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons are the only manufacturers.

Deacon—"Boys, boys! you shouldn't play marbles to-day. Sunday 's a day of rest, you know." *Spokesman*—"Yes, sir, we knows it; but we ain't tired, sir."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

OLD COINS AND STAMPS
are in great demand. Rare issues before 1878 bring $1 to $4,000. Illustrated circulars can be obtained by sending two stamps to Numismatic Bank, Dept. J, Boston, Mass.

The senior is usually broke before he shows any decided bent.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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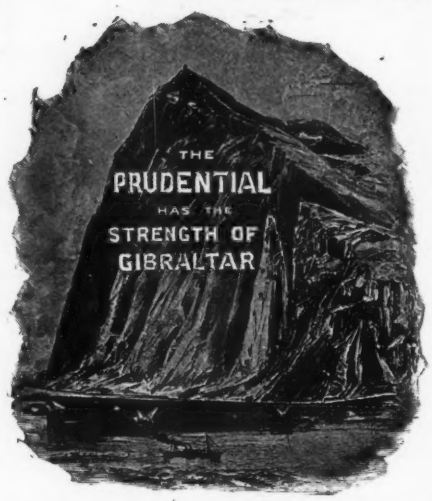
Life Insurance for Children, Women and Men. Ages, 1 to 70. Amounts, **$15** to **$50,000.**



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John F. Dryden, President
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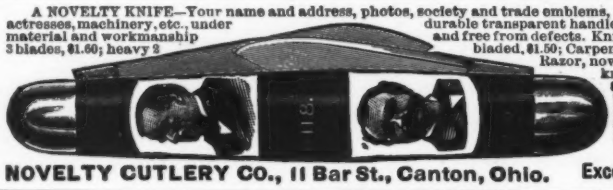

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—*Washington Capital.*

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Passing strange—Shoving the queer.—*Princeton Tiger.*

"I don't mind riding the bicycle and wearing the costume, but I should hate to be called a wheelwoman." "Don't worry, dear. Nobody will ever call you that."—*Detroit Tribune.*

"Madam," said the facetious political canvasser as he paused outside the gate, "are you a bimetallist?" The woman in bloomers glared at him from the porch. "No," she said, "I'm a bifurcationist — get out." — *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

In a dreamy, abstracted manner Pygmalion picked up a robe and threw it over the lovely figure in which the warm blood had scarcely more than begun to pulsate. "What is it, my master?" asked Galatea. "I was thinking," replied the sculptor, rousing himself from his reverie, "what a frost you would have got if I had offered to set you up in the Boston library." —*Chicago Tribune.*

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YOUNGER SISTER—"What are you going to do on your birthday, Eva?"
EVA (*a belle of some seasons*)—"Oh, I don't know. Take a year off, I suppose."
—*Punch.*

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There's nothing "cheap" about the Winton. Not a **casting** or **stamping** enters into its make up. Materials are the finest. Design and workmanship are unsurpassed. Send for catalogue "J."

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The size of the picture is 10×36 inches. It will make a most beautiful ornament for your parlor when framed. Last year's Christmas Number with its beautiful premium picture was sold out five days after its publication and a large number of our friends who sent in their orders for a copy too late were unable to secure it.

If you will return this card to us now with 20 cts in stamps (one cent stamps preferred) enclosed in a sealed envelope we will send the picture and the magazine to your address as soon as it is published. (If you want an extra copy as a Christmas Gift for a friend send 40 cts. in stamps)

The edition will be limited and only those who order at once will be absolutely sure of getting a copy. You will say it is the cutest picture you ever saw when it reaches you.

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One's success depends bery largely upon whad he does not say.—Many people waste time lookin' aftah t'ings dat hab passed away.—Nebah lose sight ob an honorable enemy; he will sho' make a good friend.—Toe dread no eye an' suspec no tongue is de greates' prerogative of innocence.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

For loss of flesh, coughs, colds, wasting diseases, take Scott's Emulsion.

The bank of Hardy, Iowa, which is in a grocery-store, was robbed of seven hundred dollars the other day while the teller was in the cellar filling an order for molasses. Banks should either get out of the grocery business or should warm up the molasses barrels.—*Syracuse Courier.*

The new Sohmer piano-factory occupies eight large lots, situated a short distance from the Ninety-second-street ferry at Long Island City. In building the factory the firm has spared no expense, and can safely claim to possess the most perfect piano-forte house in the United States.

Mr. Heller (one a. m)—"Well, Maria, we've lost the ninth ward." *Maria* (absent-mindedly)—"Dear me! Have you looked under the bureau?"—*Washington Capital.*

The rapid changes in the Martian canals seem to indicate that the Martian contractors have powerful pulls.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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see that your RETURN TICKET reads via the SHASTA and NORTHERN PACIFIC.

THEN you visit YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Send SIX CENTS for WONDERLAND, '96.

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WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 151, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

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FERDINAND—"Seen much of Miss Tinkle lately?"
FLOSSIE—"Not since the bathing season."
—*Pick-Me-Up.*

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Is the One Progressive Women Want.

Table Talk

is "up to date" in everything on which intelligent housewives want to keep posted.
It gives the newest recipes, newest table decorations and menus for weddings, receptions, dinner parties, up-to-date luncheons, and all special occasions.
It is the American authority on the preparation and serving of food.
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Puts Any Kind of a Point on Any Kind of a Pencil or Crayon.
"Does not wring their heads off."
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HEWITT'S PATENT.

Neither Scratch nor Spurt.

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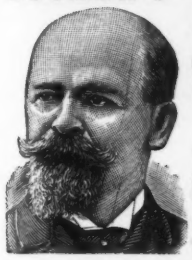

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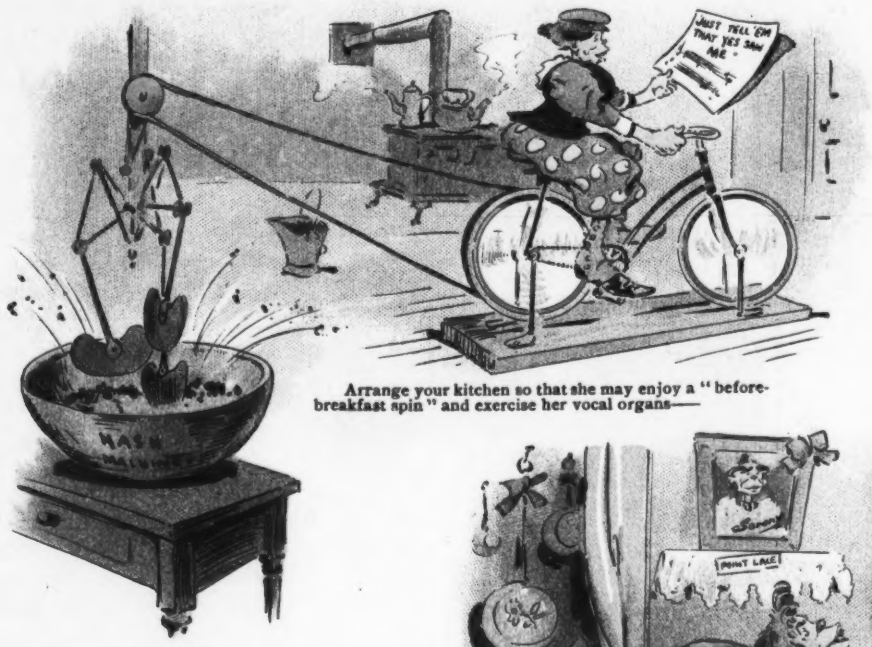

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